BROADWAY JONES

By EDWARD MARSHALL

FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfare, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville. Abner Jones, his uncle, is very angry because Broadway refuses to settle down and take a place in the gum factory in which he succeeded to his father's interest. Judge Spotswood informs Broadway that $250,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York. With his New York friend, Robert Wallace, Broadway creates a sensation by his extravagance on the White Way. Four years pass and Broadway suddenly discovers that he is not only broke, but heavily in debt. He applies to his uncle for a loan and receives a package of chewing gum with the advice to chew it and forget his troubles. He quietly seeks work without success. Broadway gives what is intended to be a farewell supper to his New York friends, and before it is over becomes engaged to Mrs. Gerard, and ancient widow, wealthy and very giddy. Wallace expostulates with the aged flirt and her youthful fiance, but fails to better the situation. He learns that Broadway is broke and offers him a position with his father's advertising firm, but it is declined. Wallace takes charge of Broadway's affairs. Broadway receives a telegram announcing the death of his Uncle Abner in Europe. Broadway is his sole heir. Peter Pembroke of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company offers Broadway $1,200,000 for his gum plant and Broadway agrees to sell. Wallace takes the affair in hand and insists that Broadway hold off for a bigger price and rushes him to Jonesville to consult Judge Spotswood, executor of Uncle Abner's estate. Broadway finds his boyhood playmate, Josie Richards, in charge of the plant and falls in love with her. Wallace is smitten with Judge Spotswood's daughter, Clara. Josie points out to Broadway that by selling the plant to the trust he will ruin he town built by his ancestors and throw 700 employes out of work. Broadway decides that he will not sell. Wallace receives an offer of $1,500,000 from the trust and is amazed when Broadway turns it down.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Wallace made an effort to sit up and discuss things further with Broadway, who seemed to be entirely awake, though dreamy in a strange, unwonted way, but there were two arguments against this, the first that gnats and moths swarmed merrily in as soon as the oil lamp was lighted, bringing with them more than one mosquito, the second being that he was worn out after a long day full of various excitements.

"I'm going to bed," he finally decided.

"Best place for you, Bob, this time of night. Folks who sit up—"

"Oh, shut up! Good night."

"Good night. See you in the morning."

"Now, why," asked Wallace, after he had left his friend, "did that boy seem so glad to have me go to bed? He acted just as if he wanted to kneel down and pray, but couldn't while a vulgar herd like me was looking on. Now, what the devil!"

He got into bed.

Broadway did not go to bed. Instead he found a pen and ink and some of the soft, spongy hotel stationery in a drawer of the bare washstand. He began work with them slowly, painfully.

The pen soon failing, he dug from a corner of a pocket in his vest the pencil of which he had been so proud when Pembroke had called on him, and continued. After an hour's hard labor for his brain, the pencil, the soft paper and the tongue which he continually thrust into his cheek, he had completed what he thought a masterpiece. He was not sure whether he would speak it, the next day, to Josie, by herself, or to the assembled multitude of the mill's employes, but he was certain it was great.

Having written it he spent another hour in carefully committing it to memory (or so he fondly thought) and then got into bed.

An hour later he tried to sleep the night out sitting up, for the bed was such as he had never even read about. When, at last, he fell into a posture less suggestive of repose on garden rakes and hose than any other had been, he dreamed horrid dreams of broken-hearted villagers, starving in the streets of Jonesville in such terrible profusion that the newspapers referred to it as "Bonesville" and declared that he had proved to be the chief industrial pirate of his day, ruining, in the fourth generation, a fine family name which had, for three, stood for probity, humanity, industry and the best chewing gum of all.

He suffered terribly as he imagined these grim things and a dozen times was attacked by reporters who became so incensed as they wrote their stories of his villainy that they strove to stab him with their lead pencils; a hundred times was set upon by famishing villagers who wished to pick his ribs with fang-like teeth; a thousand times found himself stark and shivering before the bar of justice in a chilly stretch of space, where the specters of all worthy Joneses of the past confronted him with slim, accusing fingers, pointed straight at his terror-stricken stomach.

The dreams were not true nightmares, though, for at the supreme instant of each period of peril a white angel floated to him, rescuing him from that which threatened him. And this white angel, graceful, large-eyed, smiling and beneficent, was always Josie Richards. As soon as she had rescued him each time, he spoke his speech to her, and she wept on his shoulder.

The result of such a night of agony was, naturally, that they slept later in the morning than was the Jonesville custom. When half past eight arrived and they had not appeared, the wife of the proprietor sent him upstairs to see if they had not decamped without paying for their rooms, or if, perchance, they had not come there suicidally inclined.

She crept up behind her liege lord fearfully, and peeped across his shoulder as he opened each unlocked door in turn. Finding that they were but peacefully asleep, she was both shocked at such unheard-of indolence, and cheated at the lack of tragedy, so she snorted, "Scandalous!" as she crashed down each step.

She was a very solid woman, widely built. Wallace had noticed that the night before when he had peeped in through the door. Had she been aware of that terrific episode, she would have screamed for the village constable and had him locked up in the calaboose.

Broadway had his high triumphant moment when it became apparent that Wallace would of necessity go to the village barber shop. Having come away in flight from Mrs. Gerard without bags or luggage of whatever kind, he had no razor with him.

"My whiskers are so whitish that they will not begin to show until the afternoon!" Broadway exulted. "By that time Rankin will be here with bags."

"I'll wait for him. I won't see any—"

"You'll be sure to see the judge's daughter. All the Jonesville girls that work at the gum factory get up at six o'clock. The idle, aristocratic class, like Clara, stay in bed till seven."

"Well, where is it, then?" said Wallace in an evil temper.

"What? The village barber shop? Next door." Broadway wrung his hand. "Good-by old chap; good-by. I'll—"

"Just give my love to Broadway," Wallace begged.

Jackson Jones grew sober in an instant. "I don't expect I'll see much of it for a while."

"It must be permanent!" said Wallace. "It has lasted through the longest night the world has ever known."

The day already was well under way at the Jones factory. Josie had been

Produced a Small Tin Box.

at her managerial desk not less than an hour and probably an hour and a half when Wallace started for the barber shop.

It was a very trying morning for the girl. The events of the night before had much upset her, and her sleep had been as much disturbed as Broadway's, although, perhaps, less physically painful.

She had been terribly in earnest in everything which she had said to him about his duty to the village which had made him rich, his duty to the family whose name he bore, his duty to himself; she had been intensely worried, still was intensely worried, lest all which she had said might go for naught, failing to impress him permanently.

He had doubtless meant well when he left her, but would that good intention stand the test of Wallace's ridicule (she felt certain Wallace would oppose her plan) and his own contemplation of the future for a night?

She had a hazy notion of what the life of idle rich youth in New York must be, but imagined that it must attract with vivid power, and she could guess that Jonesville did not. Would he hold firm in the determination which she felt sure he had formed?

When the judge came in he found her wondering and worrying as she waited for some papers she had sent a clerk to get. Already she had almost finished the statement of affairs which she had promised to give Broadway.

"Well, I just came over from the Grand hotel," the judge began.

"Did you see the young man?"

"Only for a minute." The judge laughed indulgently. "He was eating breakfast in his room, and his valet had just borrowed some hot flat-irons and was pressing out his clothes." The judge's laughter became very hearty.

Even Josie smiled; but the fact that they had brought a valet with them was a bit of news to her. She expressed surprise.

The judge laughed again. "Oh, he just got here this morning. It seems they both came off without any baggage, so they telephoned the valet, late last night, to bring them on some clothes."

"It must have been very late, for it was almost eleven when they left your house, wasn't it?"

"Oh, those New York people—they don't think a thing of sitting up till all hours—midnight, sometimes later!"

The judge preened himself a little after this sensational statement, and Josie, though she had heard such wild tales in the past, was much impressed by this one. It seemed so much more possible, more real, now that she had seen Broadway in his maturity. How exciting it must be to stay up, right along, till midnight! But it must strain one's health. She hoped he would not do it often in the future! She was beginning to feel a definite personal interest in the youth's health. Such a nice young man! For him to dissipate his life away by staying up at night, that way—

"He promised to be here at ten-fifteen," she ventured.

"Yes; that's what brought me over. He asked me to tell you that he'd be a little late. I guess he didn't sleep very well. He says he had a lot of horrible dreams. What sort of a talk did you have with him last night, anyhow?"

"Didn't he tell you?"

"No; he left the house soon after you did. You must have said something that upset him. He acted dreadfully worried."

Josie bent above her work. She could not tell even the judge of the intensity of feeling which she had put into that long conversation with Broadway.

She had not slept so very well herself. She had wondered if he thought her bold, officious, to have given him advice so freely, to have told him what she had about what she believed to be his duty. She knew that, now and then, she had been almost impassioned in her plea for Jonesville and its people. She wondered if he thought her silly, over-earnest. But she told the judge none of these things. They were hidden in her heart. That heart had known a lot of turmoil since Broadway had come back.

"I simply told him the true state of affairs and explained to him what the plant meant to the town," she said and bent above her papers on the desk.

"What did he say?" asked the persistent judge.

Much as she loved the judge, she wished that he would go away and question her no further. There was a little feeling in her heart that she must file that talk with Broadway among the things which she held sacred. All women have a secret file of memories of that sort. She could not talk about it.

"He said nothing very much."

Then a detail of his talk which had intensely puzzled her came back to her, and she decided to discuss it with the judge.

"He kept inquiring how much cash we had." She smiled, not critically. "He doesn't seem to be much of a business man."

"He struck me that way, too," the judge said gravely. "Did he say the trust made him an offer?"

She sighed. "Yes." Ah, if she had failed to move him! He might already have accepted it, and then what would be the fate of Jonesville! This thought made her very nervous.

The judge nodded wisely. "That's what I thought."

She sighed again. There was a long silence, full of troubled thoughts.

"Did he talk as if he intended to sell?" the judge asked finally.

She worked at her papers nervously a moment before she framed the words of her reply. "I'm afraid that's what he's thinking of, judge." After a silent moment she straightened out more papers, and then looked up again. "We must do all we can to influence him against it."

The judge nodded, then rose, and after a worried turn about the great, bare room, approached her and stood facing her with eyes intently on her face. "You have influence with him, Josie."

She could not meet his eyes, yet was not certain why. She hoped that what he said was true, yet scarcely dared to think it. "Do you think so?" she asked somewhat weakly.

The judge answered in a hearty voice, full of real confidence. "I know it. You made a great impression on him. He likes you, Josie."

This was entirely unexpected. It confused her, even in the office where she had so trained herself to business that nothing ordinarily could affect her. She felt that she could rightly show rejoicing at the news, for it boded well for Jonesville, but, at the same time, she was inwardly aware that it was not because it boded well for Jonesville that she really was pleased by it.

"Oh, nonsense, judge!"

But he was very much in earnest. It was plain enough that he attached no significance other than commercial to this liking of which he spoke. It was a fortunate fact, and that was all.

"He thinks you know your business," he declared.

Somehow she was intensely disappointed. For this she criticised herself. What could be better than to have the owner of the enterprise of which she virtually was manager think she knew her business? This was certainly good reason for congratulation. She must not be silly. Confidence in her ability at business might even help to influence him toward refusing to sell out. If she could but impress him with the fact that she was able, might it not be possible that his confidence in large future profits would weigh powerfully?

To her surprise she heard a chuckle from the judge and when she looked at him discovered definite amusement on his face.

"And after you had gone last night, he just raved about your eyes!" the old man happily informed her.

"My eyes!" She felt the blood mounting to her cheeks and tried to hide them with an industry which kept her bent above her papers. If he had raved about her eyes then the impression she had made on him was not entirely commercial!

"That's what he did! He said you had the bluest eyes he'd ever seen!" Now the judge laughed heartily.

She flushed with sudden wrath. "Why, judge, my eyes are gray!"

The judge himself was now surprised. He had believed them brown. "Are they?" He arose, went to her, and, through his thick-lensed spectacles, peered at her face. "Why, so they are!" He walked away, nonplussed. "Well, what do you think of that!"

"I think—"

"Perhaps he's color blind," the judge said hopefully. "I guess I have been."

"Maybe that is it."

They were interrupted by Sam Higgins. The foreman, it appeared, wished to talk to Josie. Sam had a way of almost shutting both his eyes and throwing back his head when he announced things of this kind.

"Yes," said Josie, with the indifference of the business woman who has long been of authority, "I'll see him in just a few minutes."

Sam whirled slowly, went to the door and loudly delivered her message, as if his voice must reach to the factory's farthest end.

This focused the judge's attention upon something he had been considering. He leaned above the desk and spoke to Josie confidentially. "I thought of something on the way over, Josie. Nobody but us knows that the young fellow is in town. He registered at the Grand, you know, under the name of Jackson. Maybe the people in the plant are getting nervous."

"Yes, they are," she granted. "There have been so many rumors of the sale. I'm worried."

"Well, then, don't you think it might be a good thing to spread the news around among the men a little?"

She evidently agreed, for she vigorously nodded and tapped a bell. "Perhaps it would be a good idea."

Noting that she had rung the bell, the judge held up a warning hand. "Don't do it that way. You leave it to me. I won't have to tell more than one or two of them." He chuckled. "I'll step in on my way out and tell you what effect it has."

"Yes, do, judge."

"Are you ready for Higgins?"

"Yes; tell him to come in."

Going to the door, the judge beckoned to the man, who was waiting in the shop beyond, and the gangling, plainly heavy-minded and exceedingly intense foreman entered.

"How do you feel today, Joe?" the judge asked kindly.

"I don't feel very well," Higgins answered gloomily and frowning.

The judge looked at him, smiling, not entirely with approval. "You never do, do you, Joe?" Higgins made no answer; the judge laughed and disappeared.

"Well, what is it, Higgins?" Josie inquired without delay, looking up at the unpleasantly faced creature as if she had no time to waste.

He came forward lurchingly, nervously twisting his cap in powerful hands; but there was nothing of the suppliant about him; rather he seemed almost to be inclined to threaten. "I want to ask you a question, Miss Richards."

"Go right ahead."

"I'll expect you to tell me the truth now!"

She flashed an angry look at him. "I'm not in the habit of lying."

He gazed at her with lowered head and frowning face. His words came slowly, as if he found it difficult to find them; but he did not speak with hesitation; indeed, there was that about him which hinted at the labor union orator.

"I'm talking for every man in the plant," he began, with rising voice, endeavoring to be impressive. "We had a meeting this morning, and we want to know whether this concern is going into the trust or not! We decided that we're entitled to some information, and that's what I'm here for; to find out what you know about it."

This naturally angered her. She was not one to be browbeaten, and he was plainly trying to browbeat her. She flushed vividly. "I don't know anything about it."

His voice reached a tone higher in its pitch. "Well, if you don't, who does?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

Now, he was definitely bullying. "Well, we must have an answer, one

Clara Spotswood.

way or the other. It's our work and our living, and we've got to know where we are at."

She paid no attention to his definitely offensive manner now. "You'll have to get your information from the man who owns the plant."

"Well, where's he?"

"Right here in town."

He was amazed. He had not dreamed of this. "Young Jones here in town?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

Just a Little Incident of Real Life in 'Frisco

SAN FRANCISCO.—Little incidents of real life, as this one was, provide entertainment for the most blase of crowds. And the mere fact that a crowd of theatergoers bound to their homes in the Richmond district were of this sort did not in the least keep them from chuckling to themselves quite as animatedly as the shoe store clerk who was on the same car.

Near the downtown terminal the car had been boarded by a winsome little lass of the "interesting" age, whose real blonde hair she had allowed to become mussed while working over some dry-as-dust matters in the office where she was employed. She wasn't used to being out that late, this could be seen at a glance, for before she had been in the car five minutes her head sank to one side, her eyes closed and she slipped off into dreamland.

Beside her was a stalwart young man who gazed with some consternation and embarrassment at the slowly approaching head of the girl next to him. Just then the car gave a lurch, and, without awakening, the girl allowed her head to tilt farther and farther until at length it was resting snugly on the young man's shoulder.

Now this young man didn't belong to the girl, and the girl didn't belong to the young man, and by the youth's actions this fact was as plain as day. He squirmed and looked uncomfortable, perspired and mopped his brow, and half rose when the name of his street was called, only to lean back again with a groan.

The passengers chuckled, smiled and then giggled outright, while the young man darted daggerlike glances of annihilation about him.

At length the martyr could stand it no longer. He had already gone three blocks past his stopping place, and human endurance has its limitations. With a gentle shove he set upright the cause of all his troubles, and rushed down the aisle toward the car door, while two blonde hairs trailing out behind his black suit changed the giggles into a roar of laughter that verily shook the car.

Alligator in Gas Heater; Porter Breaks Record

ATLANTA, GA.—And the puzzling thing about it is, How did it manage to get there? It's an alligator, an honest-to-goodness alligator, a baby thing with tail and head and jaws like a lizard, and they found it in a barber shop.

The shop is operated by L. M. Brady. Tom Echols, who shines shoes while he isn't sweeping out, went back to light the instantaneous heater for a customer who was going to take a bath, and as the gas flared up something leaped from the tank, sprawled upon the floor and commenced kicking about.

Echols, who is black and superstitious as well as easily frightened, darted for the street. He made the distance in time that amounted to just a little bit less than nothing, screaming and striking terror to the souls of a half dozen customers and fully that many barbers.

Upon investigation Brady discovered an alligator crawling forlornly beneath the gas tank. It measured about six inches in length, and was the size of an overgrown north Georgia lizard. It was the "hellbender" size, to use a scientific term, and can be carried in the hand or pocket with safety.

How the thing managed to get into the Marietta street barber shop is a scientific mystery.

Some say the sun absorbed it with an amount of water from the flow of the Nile, away over there in Egypt, carried it in the clouds until it became a burden, then dropped it into a north Georgia stream, from whence it flowed into larger streams which carried it into the Howell mill reservoir of the city, from which it was sucked into the water mains of Atlanta, later being deposited into a feed pipe of the barber shop, which carried it into the instantaneous heater tank.

That, however, is only one of the theories. There are many others, all of which are conflicting.

One way or another, it got there, and still happens to be there, having rested uncomfortably in the currency compartment of the Brady cash register.

Picking Up a Living on the Streets of Gotham

NEW YORK.—He was a charter member of the Amalgamated Associates Who Get a Living Without Work. He never ascended to "second story" robbery or descended to pocket picking. Both were too risky. Quick as a trout after a fly, slippery as an eel just out of Hudson river mud, and with sight as alert as that of a crab after carrion on the river bottom, he skims the tidal flow of New York's shopping eddies and gathers in what he may.

That gathering is good when all New York is shopping—shopping strenuously—but tethered helplessly with its skirts so tightly wrapped about its legs that to stoop over and pick up a dropped parcel is a physical proposition that must be passed up. Handbags will pop open, particularly if properly pressed by an adept. That helps when business has been bad with the accumulator of unconsidered trifles.

"I literally pick up a living, and an honest one," he explained, when asked why he did not return a bundle to its owner, instead of trying to get it into his pocket unobserved. "Findings is keepings, I was taught when I was a kid, but I always advertise them first—if they're worth it. Good rewards you get sometimes. If I make a good find around the big hotels and it's advertised, especially when it says, 'No questions asked,' and it's a watch or jewel that's listed in all the pawnshops, I return it."

It turned out that the accumulator had been an exercise boy in a racing stable, steering suckers against handbooks, capper at auction rooms, and finder and feeder for street fakers at intervals.

Fat Man's Sigh Bursts Button, Blinding Diner

PITTSBURGH.—Sighing with contentment after he had finished an excellent dinner, J. E. Jones, a wealthy real estate man, weighing 250 pounds, forced a button from his waistcoat with such force that it split in two. One of the pieces struck in the eye his friend, Christopher Smith, with whom he was dining, probably destroying the sight. The other piece caught Mr. Smith on the cheek and opened up a deep wound, which required three stitches to close.

Mr. Jones now admits that it is not always wise to express with a sigh one's satisfaction over a fine meal, especially if one be of wide girth.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith had just finished dining in a Diamond street restaurant when the accident happened. After the repast was finished they had settled themselves back for a smoke, when Mr. Jones heaved the momentous sigh. There was a snap and before Mr. Jones realized what had happened there was a wound under his companion's left eye, while the eye itself was tightly closed in pain.

Medical attention disclosed the fact that Mr. Smith will probably lose the sight of his left eye.

Mr. Jones is a member of the Academy of Science and Art. He is prominent in business circles.

DIDN'T STOP FOR ARGUMENT

Object Lesson Warned Poker Player That He Had Not Such an Easy Thing as He Thought.

A man in Jamestown is quoted by the Optimist as relating this Arkansas poker story: "I was a settin' in a little game in a town down in Arkansas. It was off from the railroad about twenty miles and I was a stranger. I noticed that the furniture was a queer design and there were carved ornaments in the room, which was in the back of a saloon, and it seemed like an odd place. I was losing right along and was surprised when I found that nobody ever showed his cards when a bet was called—just called their hands and turned 'em face down on the table. I thought I'd just try that myself, so antied up strong and another feller stayed and we got up a big stack of chips. Well, I finally called him and he said 'three tens.' I didn't have a durned thing but I called a queen flush and raked in the coin. After that I called whatever I wanted to and won a big bunch of money. Pretty soon I was a rubberin' around and thinkin' about cashing in and I saw a couple of skeletons danging from a rope away up in a little cupola thing in the ceiling. I asked an old fellow with long chin whiskers what they were. 'Them's just the remains of a couple of strangers,' he remarked sort of careless like, 'that come in here one time and miscalled their hands.' Well, I cashed in pretty quick and got out of town."—Kansas City Star.

Turner's Generosity.

The pictures of Turner, the English artist, who died at Chelsea in 1851, have mounted to prices nearly as great as those of the old masters. He hoarded his sketches as eagerly as a miser hoards his money and now as some of these from time to time get into the market they bring large sums. Turner painted his grand picture of Carthage to order for $500. It was refused by his patron. He afterwards received an offer of $12,500 for it, but refused to accept the offer and gave it to the nation. It is now valued at more than a dozen times that amount. He was generous to other artists. He blackened a bright sky in one of his academy pictures which hung between two of Lawrence's, so as to cast its merits into the shade. In this condition he allowed his own production to remain throughout the exhibition, and whispered to a friend to allay his indignation. "Poor Lawrence was so distressed. Never mind, it'll wash off; it's only lampblack!"

Chinese Women Students Here.

The first Chinese women to come to America as students under the Boxer indemnity fund arrived early this year, together with 26 young Chinese men, also coming under the same provision of the Chinese government. Some of the parties remained in universities of the west, but six students went on to New York to pursue their studies in that city. The 28 successful candidates for western education were selected out of 300 competitors in Canton last July. The two young women and eight of the men were students at Canton Christian college.

NOT BROUGHT BY THE STORK

For Once Famous Bird Was Absolved From Responsibility for Presence of Little Stranger.

Conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel the other night turned to the little folk, when Congressman Thomas G. Patten of New York was reminded of the neighbor who went over to congratulate little Willie on the arrival of a baby sister.

Two or three days after the gladsome event the neighbor rambled to the happy suburban home to make a call, and found Willie, six years old, playing at the front gate.

"Well, Willie," smilingly remarked the neighbor, pausing to pat the young one on the head, "they tell that the stork has brought a new baby to your house."

"We got a new baby," promptly replied Willie, "but it wasn't no stork that brought it."

"Wasn't the stork," returned the neighbor, with a wondering expression. "You don't really mean it?"

"That's right," repsonded the youngster, quite positively. "I heard it honk-honk, and at first I thought it was a goose, but when I looked out the window I seen it was an automobile."

Fine Theater for Manila.

Manila is to have the largest and most modern theater in the far east. The government of the islands has just leased to the Oriental Theater company 5,000 square meters adjoining the botanical gardens on the Bagumbayan drive, a central and attractive boulevard, on which it will at once construct a modern theater to cost about $175,000 and machinery and equipment for it $75,000.

Who Makes Up the Suicides.

According to Dr. Jacques Bertillon, the French statistician, suicide is commonest among liquor sellers, chimney sweeps, butchers, fruiterers and musicians. It is frequent among "camelots," shop assistants, cutlers, hairdressers, servants, costers, lawyers, doctors and druggist. It is rare among the clergy, government officials and men leading an active, open-air life.

California's Magnesite.

Magnesite, a mineral which is over 52 per cent. carbon dioxide, the gas which is used for charging soda water, ginger ale and similar beverages, is found in greater quantities in California than in any section of the country. California magnesite is probably excelled by few, if any, of the foreign deposits and is superior to much that is mined abroad.

About the Limit in Hunting.

A Dublin gentleman was spending his vacation with some friends in the west of Ireland. As he was being driven to his destination he noticed a bog that promised good shooting, and asked his jarvey if there were any snipe in it. "Shnipe, is it, sor? Did ye say shnipe? Shure, if ye went into that bog widout a gun they'd ate ye!"